Pet. Oh ho intreate her, nay then she must needes come.
Hor. I am affrai'd sir, doe what you can

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated: Now where's my wife?
Bion. She sayes you haue some goodly Iest in hand,
She will not come: she bids you come to her.
Petr. Worse and worse she will not come:
Oh vild, intollerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your Mistris,
Say I command her come to me. *Exit.*
Hor. I know her answere.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katerina*.
Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?
Petr. Where is your sister, and *Hortensios* wife?
Kate. They sit conferring by the Parler fire.
Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands:
Away I say, and bring them hither straight.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads
Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right supremacie:
And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.
Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*;
The wager thou hast won, and I will adde
Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had neuer bin.
Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And shew more signe of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wiues
As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion:

Katerine

Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it vnder foote.
Wid. Lord let me neuer haue a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a sillie passe.
Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?
Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too:
The wisdome of your dutie faire *Bianca*,
Hath cost me fiue hundred crownes since supper time,
Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.
Pet. *Katherine* I charge thee tell these head-strong wom
what dutie they doe owe their Lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will haue no tell
Pet. Come on I say, and first begin with her,
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her.
Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning vnkind brow,
And dart not scornefull glances from those eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour.
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meades,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlewindes shake faire budds,
And in no sence is meete or amiable.
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is so, none so drie or thirstie
Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy Keeper,
Thy head, thy souereigne: one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: Commits his bodie
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,
Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such dutie as the subiect owes the Prince,
Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is froward, peeuish, sullen, sower,
And not obedient to his honest will:
What is she but a foule contending Rebell,

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